

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

How to Talk to Your Child About BDSM

Written by

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

MOM: 30s/40s. Female. Any ethnicity. Married to Dad.

DAD: 30s/40s. Male. Any ethnicity. Married to Mom.

MASON: 10. Male. Any ethnicity. Child of Mom and Dad.

SETTING:

Mom and Dad's room.

TIME:

Last week. Around 11:33pm.

CONTENT WARNING:

Strong sexual content.

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Darkness.

Two voices.

MOM
And what's the safeword?

DAD
Snozberry.

MOM
Good.

Ready?

DAD
Yes.

MOM
Yes, what?

DAD
Yes, Mistress.

MOM
That's better.

Other sounds take over the voices: The muffle of a mouth, the roll of a zipper, the rustle of restraints.

Then, the flog/thwack of a whip against a body.

The reaction.

The whips (and reactions) continue as lights rise on a typical master bedroom, save for the conspicuously placed St. Andrew's Cross with DAD restrained to it, his back facing out.

MOM is doing the whipping with a leather BDSM flog.

Both have dressed for the occasion, MOM in fetish/dominatrix wear of choice, DAD in some leather or latex gimp suit of choice, complete with

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hood with zipper over the mouth.

MOM whips DAD.

DAD reacts.

MOM whips DAD.

DAD reacts.

NOTE: DAD'S dialogue is spoken, but muffled cause of the...you know.

[Oh, god!]

DAD

What's that, slave?

MOM

MOM whips DAD.

DAD reacts.

Does that hurt?

MOM

[Yes!]

DAD

Do you want me to stop?

MOM

[Yes!]

DAD

MOM whips DAD.

DAD reacts.

That's too bad.

MOM

[Oh, my god!]

DAD

[Oh, yes!]

A knock at the bedroom door.

Dad?

MASON (O.S.)

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[Oh, shit.]

DAD

MOM

Mason?

The bedroom door opens a crack.

MOM

Don't come in, honey!

The door stops.

MOM

What are you doing out of bed?

MASON (O.S.)

I had a nightmare.

Is Dad there?

MOM

Uhhhhh. Is it an emergency?

MASON (O.S.)

I had a nightmare.

MOM
(Mouthing)

Fuck.

(To MASON)

One minute! Don't open the door!

MOM begins scrambling to hide evidence of the bondage session: Other gear on the bed, a robe to hide her clothing, whatever else.

DAD

[What do we do?]

MOM

Shhh! I'll handle it.

MASON (O.S.)

Is everything okay?

MOM

Of course, sweetie! Just don't open the door!

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MASON (O.S.)

I heard noises.

MOM

...

That's okay!

Just don't come in yet!

MOM has hidden everything.

Except for DAD.

She looks around frantically, then grabs a blanket or bed sheet from the mattress and throws it over DAD and the cross.

DAD
(Feeling it)

[What is that?]

MOM

Shhh!

(After a last look)

Okay, Mason. You can come in now.

Beat.

The door slowly opens and MASON enters the bedroom.

MOM
What's up, my baby? You said you had a nightmare?

MASON
Yeah.

Where's Dad? I want to talk to him.

MOM
He's...in the bathroom, right now. Can you talk to me? Can I help?

MASON
No.

MOM
What? Now, how do you think that makes me feel? Why not?

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MASON

...

It's embarrassing.

MOM

Oh, sweetie.

I'll tell you what. Why don't you go get back in your bed?
And when Dad's done in the bathroom he'll come see you.
How's that sound?

MASON

Okay.

(Beat, then pointing
to the blanket
covering DAD)

Is he under that sheet?

MOM

What?! No!

No! No. Why would you say that?

MASON

Because it looks like there's a man under it.

Beat.

MOM

Well, that is because...

Beat.

DAD

[Lorraine, I think the cat's out of the bag].

MOM

Yes, sweetie, your dad's under the sheet. But he can't
really talk right now. So if you go back to your room he'll
be there in a few minutes, okay?

MASON

What are you guys doing?

MOM

Grown-up things.

*The sheet falls, revealing DAD
in all his gimp glory.*

Beat.

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MASON
What kind of grown-up things?

MOM
Oh, god.

DAD
[What happened?]

MOM
The sheet fell.

DAD
[What?]

MOM
Hang on.

*MOM crosses to the cross and
begins to unhook DAD'S
restraints.*

MASON
That's Dad?

MOM
Yes, Mason.

DAD
[Hey, son! I imagine this probably looks pretty weird.]

MASON
What?

MOM
We can't understand you, Tom.

DAD
[Oh, yeah, the gag probably makes it hard.]

MOM
Still can't.

*MOM finishes unhooking DAD,
who steps down from the cross
and unzips the mouth zipper on
his hood.*

*He spits out a gag and his
mouth is now free.*

*But only his mouth, because
the hood has no eyeholes.*

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DAD

(To a completely
wrong direction)

Hey, son. What's up?

MOM turns DAD to face MASON.

DAD

You said you had a nightmare?

MASON

Yeah, but I've forgotten a little about it now, though.

Why are you dressed like that?

DAD

Well.

You know, sometimes, your dad likes to dress up in shiny,
tight suits.

MASON

Why?

DAD

Because he...likes it how feels. Especially when your Mom...
bosses him around while he does it.

MASON

Why?

DAD

Uh.

Lorraine?

*MOM gives DAD a major "fuck
you, you're passing this to
me?" stare, but he can't see
it because of the...you know.*

She thinks.

MOM

Mason, you remember when you asked us about where babies
come from?

MASON

Yeah.

MOM

You remember what we said, right?

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MASON

Yes. You said it was called sex and it's completely natural.

MOM

That's right. And that it's only for grown-ups, right?

MASON

Right.

So this is sex?

MOM

Well...

DAD

Sort of. Sometimes, when adults have sex, they like to dress up for it first.

MASON

Like we do for church?

DAD

Kind of.

MOM

It's a grown-up thing, sweetie. It might not make a lot of sense now, but you'll understand more when you're older.

DAD

But it's important to know that it's because your mother and I love and trust each other very much. We're both completely safe. If I say the safeword, she stops.

MOM

Okay, we don't need to get into the mechanics of it.

DAD

Oh. Sorry.

Beat.

MOM

Do you have any more questions?

MASON

I mean, yeah. But I guess not.

Thanks for being honest with me.

MOM

You're welcome, sweetheart.

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MASON

Can I be honest with you?

DAD

Of course, bud.

MASON

This is still really really weird.

DAD

(Chuckling)

We know, son.

MOM

We're sorry, sweetie. If you go back to bed, Daddy will change and be there in just a minute.

MASON

No, that's okay.

DAD

You're sure?

MASON

Yeah. You guys do your grown-up thing. I'm definitely not going to be thinking about the nightmare anymore.

MOM

Okay. Well, if you have any more questions later, it's always okay to ask us, all right?

MASON

All right, Mom.

I love you guys.

DAD

Love you, too, son.

MOM

Sleep well, baby!

MASON

Yes, Mommy.

MASON exits, shutting the door behind him.

MOM and DAD release a BUNCH of tension.

Beat.

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DAD

Wow.

MOM

Are we terrible parents?

DAD

Uhm...

Honestly, I think we handled that about as well as we could.

MOM

We just scarred him for life.

DAD

Yeah, but...who wasn't?

Better from us than the internet, right?

Or least healthier.

MOM

I suppose that's a point.

*MOM looks at DAD and chuckles,
maybe snorts a little.*

DAD

What?

MOM

You look ridiculous.

DAD

I bet.

MOM runs a hand along DAD.

His head. His neck.

*She grabs his throat and pulls
him towards her.*

MOM

I'm still not done with you.

DAD

Oh, put me inside you.

MOM

Beg me.

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DAD

Yes, Mommy!

END OF PLAY.